

Our Carcanet.

GOOD COUNSEL.

Ms Gentle. Tender words and kind,
The heavy chains of woe unbind.

Ms Careful. Cause no shrinking heart,
By act or word a bitter smart.

Ms Thankful. Raise the grateful song
For blessings strown thy path along.

Ms Watchful. Life to her was given
To tread the upward path to Heaven.—*Zion's Herald.*

A PRAYER.

Oh! that mine eyes might close be-
fore what concerns me not to see;
That deathless might possess mine ear
To what concerns me not to hear;
That truth my tongue might always lie
And speak it plain; that I might over-reach,
Or that no man might over-reach,
Or be conceived in my breast;
That by each deed and word and thought,
Glory may be brought to me!
But what are names?—Lord, mine eye
Is fixed on Thee. Wash, Lord, my heart,
And make it clean in every part;
And when 'tis clean, Lord keep it so,
For that is more than I can do.
—Thomas Ellwood—1639

Sympathy. It is by sympathy that we enter into the concerns of others, that we are moved as they are moved, and are never suffered to be indifferent spectators of almost anything which men can do or suffer. For sympathy may be considered as a sort of salvation by which we are put into the place of another man, and affected as he is affected.—Burke.

Young Men! As you float down life's stream dip an ear to guide, not to appear the impulse of your nature, and you will float to a sea of usefulness where your unspent energies will earn your deserved success.—Little.

After Dinner.

An old Scotchman of Boston used to say "I'm open to conviction, but I'd like to see the man that can convince me."

A sailor dropped off the rigging of a ship of war, some fifteen or twenty feet, and fell plump on the head of the first lieutenant. "Wretch!" said the officer, after he had gathered himself up, "where did you come from?" "An' sure I came from the North of Ireland, your honor."

A man who was noted for bad habits, lately gave a church two tables of stone with the Ten Commandments engraved upon them; whereupon a lady remarked that his reason for giving away the commandments was that he could not keep them.

Mrs. Jenkins complained in the evening that the turkey she had eaten did not set well on her stomach. "Probably," remarked Mr. Jenkins, "it was not a hot turkey."

If a man has a great many debts are they "very much to his credit?"

"Good morning, Squire. Got anything now?" "Yes, I've got the neuralgia, and it hurts terribly."

A tailor who, in skating, fell through the ice, declared that he would never again leave a hot goose for a cold duck.

An Arabian having brought a slat to a maiden's cheek by the earnestness of his gaze, said to her: "My looks have painted roses in your cheeks; why forbid me to gather them?" The law permits him who sows to reap the harvest!

May is considered an unfortunate marrying month. A young girl was asked, not long since, to unite herself to a lover, who named May in his proposal. The lady hinted that May was unlucky. "Well, make it June, then," replied the swain. Casting down her eyes, and with a blush, she rejoined, "Would not April do as well?"

Housewifery.

RECIPES.

BABIES.—The local editor of the Buffalo Republic has made himself one of the immortals by the publication of a discovery which he has recently made, of great importance to mothers. It is an infallible means of keeping babies, from two to ten months old, perfectly quiet for hours. The *modus operandi* is as follows: As soon as the squaller awakes, set the child up, propped by pillows, if it cannot sit alone, and smear its fingers with thick molasses. Then put half a dozen feathers into its hands, and the young one will sit and pick the feathers from one hand to the other, until it drops asleep. As soon as it awakes, more molasses and more feathers, and in place of nerve-astounding yell-s, there will be silence and enjoyment unspeakable!

TREE PLANTING.—In this climate May is the best time, beyond comparison, for transplanting Evergreens, large or small. A wise direction also is to expose the roots as little as possible to the air and light.

Desultory.

Of men of letters who lived by their pens, the first were the dramatics, and the first copyright sale effected by an author to a publisher is shown in the agreement between Milton and Samuel Simmons, the printer. It was executed on April 27, 1667, and disposed of the copyright of *Paradise Lost* for the sum of \$4, and \$3 more when the first edition of 3,000 copies should be sold in retail, and the like sum at the end of the second and third editions.

THE POWER OF WATER.—Nothing can convey a more impressionable of the power of water as a general agent, than the wonderful canons of Mexico, Texas, and the Rocky Mountains, where the torrent may be seen rushing along through the incision it has cut for itself in the hard rock, at a depth of several thousand feet between perpendicular walls. The greatest of these canons, that of Colorado, is 298 miles in length, and its sides rise perpendicularly to a height of 5,000 or 6,000 feet.

WINE-DRINKING COUNTRIES.—Hon. John M. F. Francis, late U. S. Minister to Greece, writes in his paper, *The Troy Times*, about the drinking habits of Europe: "He says that in France, Italy, Spain, Germany and Greece, where the consumption of wine is very great, there is far less drunkenness than in Great Britain or the United States. The result of his personal observations in Spain was that wine shops met him at every turn, but he rarely saw a drunk man. Outside of the English and American colonies he

knew of very little drunkenness in Paris. In Germany he witnessed a tremendous deal of lager, but believes the proportion of confirmed inebriates there does not equal one to twenty of the same class here. In Russia a liquor stronger than our worst whiskey is used with bad results, and in Great Britain the evil somewhat approaches its extent in the United States. Glasgow was the most drunken city he saw abroad."

THE ROMAN FORUM.—Here was the center of Roman activity. Here were the heart and brain of the mistress of the world. Hence issued the ideas and the legions which conquered all nations, and into this little center poured all the wealth of all the nations for the aggrandizement of Roman citizenship. Whatever of greatness came from the wilds of Scythia, of beauty from the culture of Greece, of strength from the crude fierceness of Britain, or of riches from the mines of Africa and Spain, found their culmination here, and crystallized in the glory of the State.

One may be pardoned for sneezing under any circumstances, in view of the experience of a woman in Westfield, Mass., recently. Being in company and attempting to suppress a sneeze, she felt a queer sensation in the left side of her face, which soon began swelling and drawing out of shape. A physician was called, but, by the time he arrived, her mouth and the left side of her face had become drawn up, disfiguring her so that her most intimate friends could scarcely recognize her features, while she found it impossible to close her left eye. The physicians say it is a kind of paralysis, caused by the great effort she made in suppressing the sneeze, and give but faint hopes that her features will ever resume their natural appearance. She is now in this city seeking medical advice.

Ancient Egypt had its libraries, and so had Greece. Booksellers abounded in Rome. The *Acta Diurna* at one time had not only the largest circulation, but was the largest paper in the world. It was compiled under the sanction of the Government, and hung up in some places of frequent resort for the benefit of the multitude, and was probably copied for the private accommodation of the wealthy.

All public events of importance were chronicled here; the reporters, termed *atavists*, furnished abstracts of the proceedings in the law courts and at public assemblies; there was a list of births, deaths, and marriages; and we are informed that one article of news in which the *Acta Diurna*, particularly abounded was that of reports of trials for divorce. Juvenal tells us that the women were all arog for deluges, earthquakes, and other horrors, and that the wine merchants and traders used to invent false news in order to affect their various markets.

TEXAS—once a dependency of Mexico, then the Lone-star Republic, then in the United States, then one of the Confederate States, and, as such, last to lay down its arms and accept the situation; again one of the United States—Texas, who can read its future? Nearly five times the size of the Empire State, capable of growing on its broad prairies not only the very best of cotton, but also almost all other crops of grain, vegetables and fruits, it is capable of feeding or clothing the entire population of the United States. The tides of population begin to set toward it from Germany and Sweden. The restless people of the South, left stranded by the way, are coming by thousands, and a small centage come in by the railways from the North. Land is cheap; this semi-tropical climate is delicious; there is room for all. Why does not Eastern and Northern emigration seek its resting-place here?

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SCANDAL.—The story is told of a woman who freely used her tongue to the scandal of others, and made a confession to the priest of what she had done. He gave her a ripe thistle top, and told her to go out in various directions and scatter the seeds one by one. Wondering at the penance, she obeyed, and then returned and told her confessor. To her amazement, he bade her go back and gather the scattered seeds; and when she objected, that it would be impossible, he replied that it would be still more difficult to gather up and destroy all the evil reports which she had circulated about others. Any thoughts, careless child can scatter a handful of thistle seed before the wind in a moment, but the strongest and wisest man cannot gather them again.

The popular notions about Africa, that it is a vast Sahara of sand, void for the most part of inhabitants, and denuded of vegetation, are doomed to be corrected by actual experience. The tidings from English soldiers under Sir Charles Garnet Wolseley tell of gigantic trees, which stand like pillars by the roadside and roof it with their branches, meeting overhead. Except in occasional clearings, the heat and glare of the sun are not felt. This forest surrounds the Adens hills, surrounds Coomassie and extends to three or four days journey beyond. When that distance has been traversed, a new surprise awaits the explorer. He will enter another kind of land, the basin of the Niger and its affluents, a broad rolling plain, inhabited by Moiselema, dwelling in walled cities, making war with cavalry, cultivating cotton, and weaving fabrics of their own. A more intimate future acquaintance with these people, and conveyance to them of the civilization of the West, will be among the probable results of the effort of England in overcoming the multiplied difficulties of African jungle, African heat, and African malaria.—*Exchange*.

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